

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1992 • \$4.95

**HANGING
OUT
WITH
THE
GIRLS
OF
THE
BIG
EAST**





"Thank you, Milton . . . thank you, Keats . . . thank you, Shelley."



FUNNY GIRL

let's hear

it for

star search

comedy

champ

felicia michaelis

IF YOU HAVE ever seen Felicia Michaelis—at a comedy club or on TV—you probably think of her as the comic with that *voice*: like Minnie Mouse on helium. If she told jokes at a higher pitch, only dogs would be laughing. “I know some of you are looking at me and hoping this isn’t my natural speaking voice,” Felicia tells audiences in the first moments of her act. Then, with a sweet smile, she squeaks, “Well, this is it!” In an interview in Los Angeles, where the 28-year-old comedian lives when she’s not headlining at clubs around the country, Felicia admits that her voice is a great gimmick, but the gimmick was a gift. “I guess this is just God’s way of giving me a break,” she says. “Over a microphone my voice sounds like a total



After several rounds of competition, Felicia was named the comedy winner on TV’s *Star Search* talent show in May. Above left, host Ed McMahon congratulates her for winning the grand prize: \$100,000. At home in L.A. she tools around in her new sports car (thanks, Ed) and works out at the Laugh Factory on Sunset Boulevard (above right).

cartoon. If it gets a laugh right away, I know I’m going to be OK.” Once you’re tuned to Felicia’s frequency, you can sit back and watch the pretty girl onstage turn a few stereotypes inside out. “Some people hear my voice and see my blonde hair and automatically think I’m stupid,” Felicia says in her act. “People think blondes are stupid, and lots of blondes get pissed off. Not me. I think it’s cool. This way you can make major mistakes and nobody ever gets mad at you. ‘Honey, I didn’t mean to sleep with your brother. . . . Well, he tricked me!’” A lot of Felicia’s material is rooted in her single-woman’s travails with boyfriends, dating, love and sex. “It always surprises me how people are offended by sex and talking about sex,” she says onstage. “Because sex is the most natural thing. I mean, be safe, be responsible, but what’s the big deal? There was a time when men thought that women didn’t like sex, and that’s not true. We like sex. We even like oral sex. What we don’t like are the stupid questions you guys ask afterward. ‘What does it taste like?’ What are we supposed to say? ‘Well, being a connoisseur of fine jizz, I would say that yours is full-bodied, dry and unassuming.’” It was seven years ago, when she was dating a fledgling comic, that Felicia first set foot onstage. In a moment of bravado she told him his job looked easy, and he dared her to try. She debuted at an open mike a week later with her jokes written on a huge piece of paper taped to the floor, a cheat sheet in case she froze. “I killed,” she remembers, laughing. “I was queen of the stage for five minutes.” Within a year Felicia left her home in Colorado Springs, Colorado, to try her luck at stand-up in L.A. It took her several more years to polish an act that earned regular stage time in the West

Coast comedy capital—and steady work on the road. “The road is tough for a woman,” she says. “A lot of male comics take their girlfriends. The girlfriends go, ‘OK. I won’t waitress this week. I’ll go with you to New York.’ But if you’re a woman comic, no guy is going to be the bitch. Can you see this? ‘OK. I’ll quit my engineering job and go to New York with you, baby. I’ll carry the luggage.’ And you can’t go out with a guy you meet on the road, ‘cause you might end up in a ditch. So it gets lonely.” Felicia’s hard work paid off this year when TV’s *Star Search*



“When I was a kid, I was an ugly duckling,” Felicia says. “I was walking home from school one day and these two boys rode by on their bicycles and one of them yelled, ‘You are really fucking ugly!’ They were laughing. It was horrible. I went home crying and said to my mom, ‘Everyone thinks I’m so ugly!’ And she goes, ‘It’s OK, sweetheart. You’re beautiful to us.’ You know, your parents have to say that because you look like them.”



awarded her its top comedy honors and \$100,000 in prize money. That gave her the boost she needed to take another high-profile assignment: posing for *PLAYBOY*. "A few girlfriends said, 'How could you do it? Don't you know *PLAYBOY* stands for everything that's wrong about society's view of women?' I'm like, 'Listen, I've shown more for a lobster dinner. Know what I mean? Get a grip.'"



"Isn't it cool to manipulate a man with sex?" Felicia jokes in her act. Lowering her voice to a sultry purr, she says, "Hey, baby, you know what would make me so hot? If you were standing naked . . . with a mop in your hand . . . oooh . . . and you were stroking the kitchen floor . . . going deeper and deeper—into the corner. Get the dirt!"





"Nothing changes out there but the year and make of the car."

MISS OCTOBER IS
THE GENUINE ARTICLE,
A VISION
IN THE DESERT

Tiffany's A GEM







A MIRAGE? From the deck of her boat, Tiffany Sloan sees neon towers rising from the desert. In the distance . . . yes, it's the Mirage. Also the Flamingo and the Sands. And off the port bow, Caesars Palace. "It's a great view, isn't it?" says Miss October, who can step out her back door, board a boat and look down on Las Vegas. The boat, a hot-pink cruiser parked on a trailer in her yard near Black Mountain, on the gambling mecca's outskirts, can also cruise Lake Mead at a heady 70 mph. But not tonight. Tonight, Tiffany wants to relax and enjoy the view. She likes the way life is treating

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA



her these days. A veteran achiever of impossible things—like the magicians who levitate themselves in the big rooms on the Strip (boating in the desert is the least of her miracles)—Tiffany is a shy sex symbol. "I'm too embarrassed to wear lingerie for my boyfriend." She is also a pacifist who wants to be a gun-toting cop. Now this former construction worker and football star is our Playmate of the Month. "If you like surprises, I'm your girl," she says. Tiffany grew up in Bullhead City, Arizona, just across the river from Laughlin, Nevada, where her dad was chief of security for a casino. She couldn't go out and





Whether she's showing off the Valley of Fire (see photo, opening spread) or her own all-natural figure, Miss October is one of Nevada's prime attractions. She is smart, funny and more than a little self-conscious: "Do you think I'm too pear-shaped?" But Tiffany isn't wimpy. "Toughy Tiffy," her mom calls her. Her one bad habit is running late, which is why she drives like a stock-car racer. "I'll go even faster when I'm a cop," she predicts unnervingly. Still, as her friends and admirers will tell you, a Tiffany epiphany is worth the wait.



play in the desert near their home—too many scorpions. Tall and strong for her age, she played tackle football with boys. "I beat them up," she says, grinning. She tried out for the school team. "I had breasts by then, so the boys wanted me in the locker room, but the school board wouldn't let me play." Casino business led the family to Vegas; a family breakup and young Tiffany's streak of independence led her out the door. "I left home when I was fifteen," she says. "I worked on a construction crew. It's not the best work for a girl. Too many pervs whistling and talking at you all the time." She danced behind Joe Piscopo at the Sands, won a few beauty contests and sent a shyly suggestive photo to *PLAYBOY*. Bingo: Tiffany hit the jackpot. "It's kind of embarrassing, posing nude," she says, "but it can be a rush, too." Dancing onstage and winning beauty pageants had revealed something to Tiffany. "I found out I love performing, having people look at me. Posing for these pictures, I wasn't shy anymore. I felt so comfortable that I was walking around nude without realizing it. It was a natural high. All of a sudden, I loved what I was doing—I just *lit up*." Just like the lucky town down the mountain from her house.





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Harry Dean

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tiffany M. Sloan
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36
 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 120



BIRTH DATE: 5-24-73 BIRTHPLACE: Orange County

AMBITIONS: To study Law, continue modeling & stay happy

TURN-ONS: The Beach, auto racing, police work, music, surprise me!

TURN-OFFS: Arrogant people, liars, dumb rules.

TANNING SECRETS: Pure Cocoa butter mixed with Sun block #8

SEXY IS: Jeans, long hair, pretty eyes and a firm butt

LOVE RULES: Choose a lover carefully & practice safe sex - I never kiss on The first Date!

PASSIONS: Gun safety, animal rights, Greenpeace and voting.



8th Grade Grad



Cousin Monica likes my Pearls



Grrrr!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

MacDermott and MacDuff were sitting in front of the clubhouse fireplace after 18 holes of golf on a raw, blustery day. The ice slowly melted from their beards and collected in puddles under their chairs. Outside, the wind continued to howl off the North Sea and hail beat against the windows.

The pair sat in silence over straight whiskies. Finally, MacDermott spoke. "Next Saturday, same time?"

"Aye," MacDuff replied gruffly, "weather permittin'."



The young man was clearly trying to impress his date by taking her to an exclusive French restaurant, but he was shocked when she ordered two appetizers, two soups, two salads, two entrées and two desserts, as well as a bottle of fine wine.

"I'll bet your mother doesn't feed you this well," he whispered in the hushed room.

"No," she cooed, "but my mother's not looking to take me to bed, either."

A woman was shaking out a rug on the balcony of her 17th-floor condominium when a sudden gust of wind blew the rug—and the woman—over the railing. "God, that was stupid," she thought as she fell. "What a way to die."

As she passed the 14th floor, a man standing at his railing caught her in his arms. While she looked at him in disbelieving gratitude, he asked, "Do you suck?"

"No!" she shrieked, aghast. He dropped her.

As she passed the 12th floor, another man reached out and caught her. "Do you fuck?" he asked.

"Of course not!" she exclaimed before she could stop herself. He dropped her.

The poor woman prayed to God for one more chance. As luck would have it, she was caught a third time, by a man on the eighth floor. "I suck! I fuck!" she screamed in panic.

"Slut," he said . . . and dropped her.

Two drunks were well in their cups at their favorite watering hole when one spotted movement on the bar top. "Whazz that?" he asked. "A bug?"

"Iz a ladybug," his drinking pal replied.

"Damn," the first gushed, "you have good eyesight!"

Why can't you take a photo of two or more Russians? Because as soon as you say "Cheese," they all begin to queue up.

Two brothers had terrorized a small town since childhood. When one brother died, the surviving brother offered the pastor an enormous sum of money if he would praise the deceased as a saint at the funeral. The pastor refused and mysteriously disappeared.

Two days later, a new minister arrived. He, too, was cornered by the town thug. "Just tell everyone what a saint my brother was," he growled, "and you'll have more money than you know what to do with." The new pastor considered the offer, then quickly pocketed a wad of bills.

The funeral was packed, since few dared to be absent, and the service proceeded in routine fashion until the pastor stood to deliver the eulogy. "This man," he said, gesturing toward the casket, "was a bully, thief and coward. But," he continued, "compared to his brother, he was a saint."

What makes a Yugo go faster? A tow truck.

One wise guy we know reports that the Los Angeles city council is considering changing the L.A.P.D. motto from "To Protect and to Serve" to "We Treat You Like a King."



The courtroom was packed as testimony began in the sentencing hearing of a woman convicted of murdering her husband of 30 years by lacing his coffee with arsenic. The defense attorney knew that he had his work cut out in order to make his client appear more sympathetic to the judge.

"Mrs. Ross," he began hopefully, "was there any point during the commission of this crime when you felt pity for your husband?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied.

"And," he pressed, "when was that?"

"When he asked for a second cup."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Mind if we play through?"



MARTY
MURPHY



*"I know I promised you a condo in Palm Beach if I were reelected, but
who believes a politician?"*



Girls OF THE BIG EAST

as with the best things in life, once is never enough



The Eastern seaboard is known for many things: the teeming masses of the Big Apple, the cozy allure of New England's bed-and-breakfasts, the lush Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and the neon fun and sun of Florida. To hoop fans, it's also the home of the Big East basketball conference, one of the hottest in the NCAA. In 1989, *PLAYBOY* paid a memorable visit to its campuses to chronicle the beauty of their coeds. Since then, something new—you could call it a Big development—has been added: Big East football, a Division I conference that includes four of the schools (University of Miami, Boston College, the University of Pittsburgh and Syracuse) that are represented in basketball's Big East plus gridiron teams from Rutgers, Temple, Virginia Tech and West Virginia. The conference is young—two years old—and boasts an impressive roster with lots of big-play capabilities for the participating teams. The 1992 season promises to be well worth watching. The new configuration also made an investigation of the re-constituted Big East imperative, so we dispatched Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to give football a

kinder, gentler image. Focused on their mission, the two Davids each took four schools at which to man their respective shutters. Striving to produce yet another spectacular *PLAYBOY* pictorial, they photographed scores of lovely coeds on their collegiate turf. Was the mission a success? You be the judge. The overwhelming evidence appears on these and following pages.



The leaders of tomorrow are the party animals of today. Showing collegiate colors (opposite) are grid fans from Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Temple, Miami, Boston, West Virginia, Rutgers and Virginia Tech. Jenny Lyn Baitch (above), a film and psychology major from University of Miami, and Catherine Crowder (right), an exercise-science major from Virginia Tech, give a hint why the Big East caught our eye.



Rutgers' Susan Ring (above left) knows how to take the drudgery out of doing laundry. When this psych major has free time, she enjoys volleyball, skiing and—our favorite—wrestling. Anne Madison (above) of Virginia Tech loves hiking and reading romance novels almost as much as she loves the mountains of Virginia. Temple sophomore and motorcycle enthusiast Justine Schade (left) describes herself as "fun, adventurous and a sensitive kind of gal." She also confesses a weakness for legs. Crab legs, that is. Anyone in the mood for seafood?





Michelle Diamond (above) performed gymnastics as a kid, and she still has all the right moves. The Rutgers coed wants to be an actress, likes the beach and reading crime stories. Pittsburgh's Nina Getzie (above right) boasts an interesting heritage—part Russian, part Korean. The fourth-year biology major is philosophical about her goals: to make something of herself and to be happy. West Virginia's Traci Wright (right) wants to balance a whirlwind career with raising a family. Her six years as a competitive roller skater should help keep her balanced.





Rutgers journalism major Marie Drake (above) plans to become a film and television director. With hobbies of aerobics, weightlifting and bike riding, she's training to go the distance. Laura Lowe (below) of Syracuse is majoring in international relations, actually loves spinach and dreams of having a house in the French countryside where she can sunbathe in the nude. *Vive le bain de soleil!*



From West Virginia University are (above, left to right): Melissa Catlett, Michelle Morgan, Lysie McKeown and Christy Altmann. Don't assume they're just horsing around—these ladies are pursuing serious careers: Melissa is an education major, Michelle's major is business, Lysie is getting a degree in biology and Christy is studying public relations. Quite a winner's circle!





Paula Jean Selinsky (above) likes going to school, though she hates being a starving student. This green-eyed blonde and her sister are a double threat; they both attend West Virginia University, both are majoring in sociology and both plan to attend law school. You know what they say about great minds. Randi Sullivan (opposite), an economics major at Syracuse, is right at home in front of a camera. Randi likes snowy nights, roaring fires and fast cars. But she's willing to slow down long enough to "learn about myself and the world around me."





The ladies of Virginia Polytechnic Institute (left) prove that good looks and brains do come in multiples. Striking a responsive chord are (left to right): Kimberly Gromel (exercise physiology), Stacey Schwaller (health education), Christi Crenshaw (biology), Anna Merrick (psychology) and Jamie Cryan (business management). Wendy Weatherhead (below left), a liberal arts major at Pittsburgh, plays the flute, loves to travel and is a whiz at puzzles and computer games. Miami's Callie Addesa (below) picked the perfect climate to indulge her passion for windsurfing. In addition to karate and language study, Callie is an animal enthusiast. Her first love is her rottweiler pup, Andromeda. Next in line is her husband. Sorry about that, fellas.





Michelle Marlowe (above left) of Boston College is a communications major who likes Elizabethan poetry, impressionist art and progressive music. It would appear that the Rhode Island native has chosen the right specialty: She has no trouble speaking her mind, telling us she dislikes "ignorant protesters and pseudofeminists." Temple's Stefanie Levin (above right) likes hanging out with friends, dancing and skiing—that is, when she's not pursuing her studies in early elementary education. The Greek isles beckon in the eyes of Syracuse junior Alexandria Marnakos (below). A broadcast journalism major, she spends her free time painting, drawing and exercising. Alexandria loves chocolate, peace and New York City and wants to work in the news department at MTV. That's it: We're kissing CNN goodbye.





The University of Pittsburgh's Lindsay Jones (left) has her hands full with riding, swimming, hiking, camping and, oh, yes, studying. To devote enough time to her favorite sports, the psychology major avoids two things—exercising and shopping. It doesn't look as if she needs to do much of either one. Erika Michels (below left) is a trilingual theater major whose favorite film makers are Stanley Kubrick, Oliver Stone and Federico Fellini. A junior at Syracuse, Erika wants to be respected for her hard work and determination and will tell you so in fluent Spanish and Lithuanian. Carla Cline (below), a communications major at WV, is an outdoor girl who loves mountain sports, tennis and guys who are honest, romantic and sincere. Therapeutic recreation sounds like too much fun to be a major discipline, but aerobics instructor Rhonda Fagula (opposite) of West Virginia plans to make it work for her. Rhonda's needs are few and simple: She likes to eat and dislikes snow.







Taking a Head Count

You can call the KENTUCKY HEADHUNTERS hillbillies. They won't be offended. The powerful guitar-driven music on *Pickin' in Nashville* and *Electric Barnyard* has been a major part of country music's extraordinary growth. The Headhunters are working on LP number three in a Kentucky farmhouse. Described as a band with spit and wit, the Headhunters party on.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



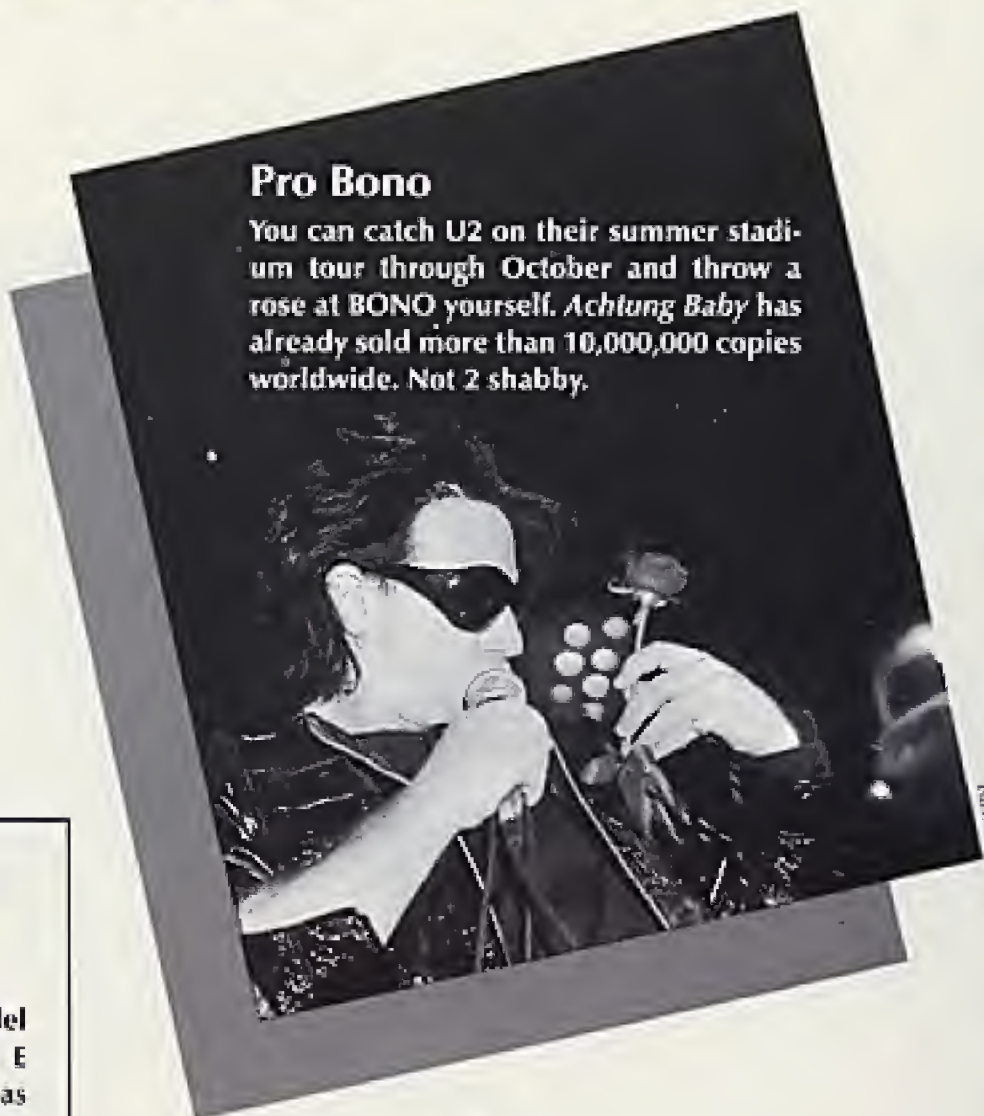
Shanelle, Our Belle

Actress and model **SHANELLE MATTHEWS** has appeared in music videos with David Lee Roth and the Scorpions and in the movie *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*. For us, Shanelle bottoms out.

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Pro Bono

You can catch U2 on their summer stadium tour through October and throw a rose at **BONO** yourself. *Achtung Baby* has already sold more than 10,000,000 copies worldwide. Not 2 shabby.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



The Eyes of Texas Are Kinky's

Writer, musician and bon vivant **KINKY FRIEDMAN** was last seen in these parts at Farm Aid. He toured England this summer, where the big hat and the stogie were boffo. For his mystery fans, keep an eye out for his new novel—a follow-up to *Musical Chairs*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



Give Them a Hand

Hot popsters RIGHT SAID FRED's number-one single *I'm Too Sexy* went platinum in a flash, followed by their debut LP, *Up*. *Sexy* was originally written as a workout song. Take that, Jane Fonda.

Northern Exposure

Model and dancer RAQUEL WELLS is a Canadian, but we're claiming her now. You can buy her poster in the U.S.A. while you wait for some smart producer to discover her. Consider this shot a sneak peek from your friends at *Grapevine*.



A Shot of Tia

TIA GILOVICH was the Humpty Girl in Digital Underground's video *The Humpty Dance*. She also graced Jeffrey Osborne's *I'm Only Human* video and appeared in two *Midnight Caller* episodes on TV. Tia's beginning to stretch.



NEXT MONTH



UNHOLY TERROR



FOOTBALL FORECAST



WILD BUNCH



HOT STUFF

"BEAST OF THE HEARTLAND"—AN AGING BOXER, FIGHTING BLINDNESS AND HEARTBREAK, COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY: A MONSTER BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF HELL—FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

"REAL MEN DON'T BOND"—IN 1989, HE PUT THE KIBOSH ON QUICHE. NOW OUR SNARLY OBSERVER IDENTIFIES JUST WHO'S REAL IN THE NINETIES: GUYS WHOSE HOUSES ARE INSULATED TO R-19 AND WHOSE TVS ARE TUNED TO CNN—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

"NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE"—SHE TALKS THE TALK, SHE WALKS THE WALK. QUEEN OF COMEDY **SANDRA BERNHARD** SHOWS WHAT SHE'S REALLY MADE OF IN A WILD AND WICKED **PLAYBOY** PICTORIAL

"CIAO TIME FOR THE MOB"—IN OUR CONTINUING SERIES ON BIG-TIME GANGS, **JOHN GOTTI** AND FRIENDS TAKE A HIT THAT COULD KILL THE ENTIRE ENTERPRISE—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

BETTY FRIEDAN, OUTSPOKEN AUTHOR OF *THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE* AND A FOUNDER OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, CALLS FOR A TRUCE BETWEEN THE SEXES BUT DOESN'T SPARE WORDS IN A ROUGH, TOUGH **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST"—PREVIEW OF THE SEASON—BY **PLAYBOY'S** NEW PRO GRIDIRON ANALYST **DANNY SHERIDAN**

THIRTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, **MILES DAVIS** WAS THE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW. ON THIS ANNIVERSARY, WE TOAST THREE DECADES OF UNCANNY PREDICTIONS, MEMORABLE CONFESSIONS AND JUST PLAIN WACKY STUFF FROM THE LIKES OF **JIMMY CARTER**, **FIDEL CASTRO**, **MUHAMMAD ALI** AND **CHER**

"FLIGHT ATTENDANTS"—DEREGULATION MAY HAVE CREATED FARE CHAOS, BUT THE SKIES ARE STILL FILLED WITH LOVELY LADIES TO HELP TIGHTEN YOUR SEAT BELT

DENNIS MILLER, LATEST ENTRANT IN THE LATE-NIGHT TALK-SHOW WARS, SHARES HIS REGIMEN FOR GREAT HAIR AND COMPARES MONOLOGISTS TO MATADORS IN A READY-FOR-PRIME-TIME **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: "TINY TUBES"—ON THE SCENE WITH SMALL TELEVISIONS; COLD-WEATHER CLASSICS ARE BACK IN **"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; **"THE WILD BUNCH"**—FIND OUT WHY MOUNTAIN BIKES AREN'T JUST FOR THE RUGGED; AND A SPECIAL NEW SECTION ALL ABOUT MEN, **"MANTRACK"**